Hē needes no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
The Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee.
Cla. My brothers loue, the Diuell, and my rage.
1 Thy brothers loue, the Diuell, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue my brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for neede, goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother *Gloucester*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tidings of my death.
2 You are deceiued, your brother *Gloucester* hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deare,
Goe you to him from me.
Am. I so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father *Yorke*,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme;
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship,
Bid *Gloucester* thinke on this, and he will weepe.
Am. I, milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.
Cla. O doe not slander him for he is kind.
1 Right as snow in haruest, thou deceiuest thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be for when I parted with him
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuery.
2 Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee,
From this worlds thraldome, to the ioyes of Heauen.
1 Make peace with God, for you must dye my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God;
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blinde,
That thou wilt war with God, for murdring me?
Ah sirs consider, he that set you on
To doe this deed, will hate you for this deed,

2 What

2 What shall we doe?
Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.
1 Relent, tis cowardly, and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly sauage, and diuell
My friends I spie some pitty in your lookes;
Oh if thy eyes be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and intreate for me:
A begging Prince what begger pitties not?
1 I thus, and thus: if this will not serue *He*
Ile chop thee in the Malmesey but in the next ro
2 A bloody deed and desperately performd,
How faine would I like *Pilate* wash my hands,
Of this most grieuous guilty murder done.
1 Why dost thou not helpe me?
By heauen the Duke shall know how slacke tho
2 I would he knew that I had saued his broth
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.
1 So doe not I, goe coward as thou art,
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
For this will out, and here I must not stay.

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c

King. So now I haue done a good dayes worke
Your Peares continue the vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen
Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and *Hastings*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.
Ri. By heauen my heart is purged from grudg
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.
Hast. So thriue I as I sweare the like.
King. Take heed you dally not before your
Least he that is the supreame King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Eyther of you to be the others end.